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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

The HARROWING Begins Here!

Clive Barker

John Rozum
Bo Hampton

Malcolm Smith
Anna Miller
Fred Vicarel
Alex Ross

foreword
Clive Barker

Taste The Darkness
John Rozum
writer
Bo Hampton
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Richard Starkings
letterer

The Harrowing: Part One
Resurrection
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story
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afterword
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FOREWORD

The Devil, they say, has all the best tunes. Certainly his surrogates, as they live and breathe in the pages of the **Hellraiser** books, have a better repertoire of seductive songs and murderous melodies than the forces of good which occasionally attempt to resist them.

Pinhead and his cohorts have wandered through these tales with the arrogant air of creatures who are wise to every trick that humanity has up its sleeve, and are ready with their damnable reposts at every juncture. Very seldom does a soul slip through their fingers; and never, that I can remember, has a soul they have taken to Leviathan's corridors returned to the land of living. After all, who would dare those infernal depths, policed as they are by the Cenobitical clan?

The **Harrowers**, that's who. You're going to be meeting this team of soul-savers in the pages of upcoming Hellraiser books, and I hope their arrival excites you as much as it does me. I should say *return* rather than *arrival*, for though the individuals who will take up the grim task of snatching victims from under Leviathan's nose are fresh to the task, others have trodden the infernal path before them. These first Harrowers perished for their heroism, but the Goddess who inspired them — **Morte Mamme**, the Death Mother-is not so easily destroyed. She has risen again, and has called a doubting few to be her legion.

March with that legion, and you'll learn more about the workings of Hell than all the preceding tales — whether made for page or screen — have dared to tell. You'll enter the private hells of those whom Pinhead has ensnared; you'll encounter forms of evil barely whispered about. You may even take a step into the heart of Leviathan himself, a journey that will — I promise you — defy every expectation.

You'll have Harrowers for company on these journeys, of course, and you'll be glad of them. Maybe they can teach you to whistle a tune the Devil doesn't know. But I warn you, there aren't many.

Clive Barker
Los Angeles, July 1992

NOW, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU ARE A DEMON, AND JUST BECAUSE I SOLVED THIS STUPID PUZZLE BOX, YOU'VE COME TO TAKE ME BACK TO HELL WITH YOU?
John Rozum
writer
Bo Hampton
artist
Richard Starkings
letterer
Taste the Darkness
WELL, THAT'S A RATHER SIMPLIFIED WAY OF PUTTING IT, BUT THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.
EXCEPT...
... I'M NOT A "DEMON" THE TERM IS INHERENTLY CONSTRICTIVE BASED ON DEFINITION ALONE. I'M A CENOBITE, OF THE ORDER OF THE GASH, THEOLOGIAN, AND SERVANT OF LEVIATHAN.
DO YOU REALIZE HOW CRAZY THIS ALL SOUNDS?
IT'S A PROBLEM THAT HAS TO DO WITH YOUR LIVING IN A TIME OF RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM AND ATHEISM. IT SOUNDED A LITTLE BIZARRE TO ME AS WELL, BUT I WAS MADE TO... UNDERSTAND.
AS WILL YOU.

DID YOU TAKE THESE?
YES.
IT'S SAD TO SEE SOMEONE WITH SUCH A GOOD EYE FOR SYMMETRY AND DESIGN LIVING AMONGST SUCH CLUTTER AND CHAOS.
I ALSO DRINK TOO MUCH ON THE WEEKENDS, AND LIKE TO BE TIED UP AND SPANKED.
SO SUE ME.
SUPPOSE I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HELL WITH YOU?
"WANT?" YOU'VE ALREADY PROVEN "WANT", DAPHNE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING...
DAPHNE. LET ME PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...
YOU'VE ALREADY MADE YOUR CHOICE. I'M HERE. YOU HAVE TO GO BACK WITH ME.
THAT'S HARDLY FAIR.
Oh, COME OFF IT, DAPHNE. YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE GETTING INTO WHEN YOU ACQUIRED THE PUZZLE.
IT DIDN'T COME WITH ANY INSTRUCTIONS.
IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO. THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT.
WE DON'T WANT JUST ANYBODY SOLVING THEM.
THEN YOU SHOULD MAKE THEM A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT.
THAT WAS ABOUT THE EASIEST PUZZLE I'VE EVER DONE IN MY LIFE?
EASY? YOU THOUGHT THE PUZZLE WAS EASY?
YEAH, IT TOOK ME LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES TO FIGURE IT OUT.
THE RUBIK CUBE TOOK ME NEARLY AN HOUR, AND ANGEL GABRIEL DIDN'T COME DOWN TO WHISK ME OFF TO HEAVEN!
FIVE MINUTES? THAT'S ASTOUNDING.
I HAVE THIS KNACK FOR PUZZLES, LIKE SOME PEOPLE HAVE FOR MATH, OR PLUMBING.

AND THE PUZZLE WASN'T SOMETHING WHICH YOU SOUGHT OUT? THERE WASN'T A NEED TO HAVE IT WHEN YOU FOUND IT?
Nah. I CAME ACROSS IT IN A JUNK SHOP WHEN I WAS LOOKING FOR A LAMP. IT WAS TWO-FIFTY, SO I SAID "WHAT THE HECK!"
TWO-FIFTY?! THAT'S PATHETIC!
SO, I TAKE IT YOU'D NEVER HEARD OF PHILLIP LeMARCHAND EITHER?
WHO?
SIGH - NEVER MIND. YOU REALLY HAD NO IDEA ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE GETTING INTO, DID YOU?
PLEASE. WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD KNOWINGLY SOLVE A PUZZLE THAT'S GOING TO GET HER DRAGGED OFF TO HELL?
BOY, COULD I USE A DRINK RIGHT NOW.
SURE. IS VODKA OKAY?
ADEQUATE.
GOOD BECAUSE THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT.
I HAVE TO ADMIT, YOU'RE NOT THE USUAL SORT OF PERSON WE GET.
HOW'S THAT?
YOU'RE NOT OBSESSIVE, NOR DO YOU SEEM TO BE FRUSTRATED OR DISCONTENT.
NOT TO SAY THAT THERE AREN'T EXCEPTIONS, BUT MOST OF THE PEOPLE WE GET SEEK US IN ORDER TO PROVIDE THEM WITH SOME UNFULFILLED DESIRE.
SOMETHING THAT THEY DON'T EXPECT TO GET OUT OF LIFE ON THEIR OWN.
YOU MEAN LIKE WEALTH, THE LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING OF MY PARENTS...
...STEALING JOHNNY DEPP AWAY FROM WINONA RYDER, A PORSCHE...
...PEACE ON EARTH...
SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

SORRY, I'M OUT OF ICE.
THAT'S FINE.
NO. I CAN'T REALLY GIVE YOU ANY OF THOSE.
I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF PLEASURE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN, IMMORTALITY, THE HEIGHTENING OF YOUR SENSES...
...THE ABILITY TO TASTE THE DARKNESS, TO HEAR THE HEARTBEAT OF A BUTTERFLY, TO SEE MUSIC. POETIC STUFF LIKE THAT.
AND YOU CAN REALLY GIVE ME ALL THAT?
WELL, NOT ME PERSONALLY, BUT...
THANKS ANYWAY...
... BUT I'LL PASS.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I HAVE TO TAKE SOMEONE BACK WITH ME.
HOW ABOUT IF YOU TAKE MY LANDLORD INSTEAD?
IF HE'S NEARBY.
IT WAS A JOKE, WHIRL-JACK.
IT'S NOT REALLY AS BAD AS YOU MAKE IT OUT TO BE. OUR ENTIRE IDEOLOGY CENTERS AROUND ORDER AND STRUCTURE.
THE PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN MIND AND BODY, PAIN AND PLEASURE.
ALMOST A YIN-YANG PHILOSOPHY, EXCEPT THERE IS NO ROOM FOR CHAOS OR ASYMMETRY.

SOMETIMES I WISH THE WORLD WAS NEAT AND ORDERED LIKE THAT. IT WOULD BE SAFE, SECURE... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR CHAOS. I WOULD MISS THE ANXIETY AND ANTICIPATION OF THE UNFORE-SEEN FUTURE.
I LIKE THE SURPRISE OF NOT KNOWING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, EVEN IF IT'LL HURT ME, BECAUSE IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M IN CHARGE OF MY OWN LIFE.
MY OWN DECISIONS. SOME DAY I MAY WANT OTHERWISE, BUT FOR NOW...

I RESPECT YOUR VIEWS, EVEN IF I DON'T SHARE THEM. IT IS A SHAME THAT I CANNOT GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED.
IF YOU COME WITH ME NOW, YOU WILL NOT BE REMADE INTO A CENOBITE LIKE MYSELF, AND YOU HAVE TOO MUCH POTENTIAL TO BE WASTED AS SCULPTING MATERIAL, OR OTHERWISE.

THE *PHOTOS!*
TAKE THE ***PHOTOGRAPHS*** BACK WITH YOU. THEY ***CAME*** FROM MY SOUL, AND BESIDES, THIS WAY YOU WON'T BE GOING BACK ***EMPTY HANDED.***

YOU KNOW, DAPHNE, YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE. YOU'RE FREE TO STAY.
I'M GOING TO MISS YOU.
YOU NEVER KNOW. SOMEDAY, I MAY CHANGE MY MIND. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU IF I DO.

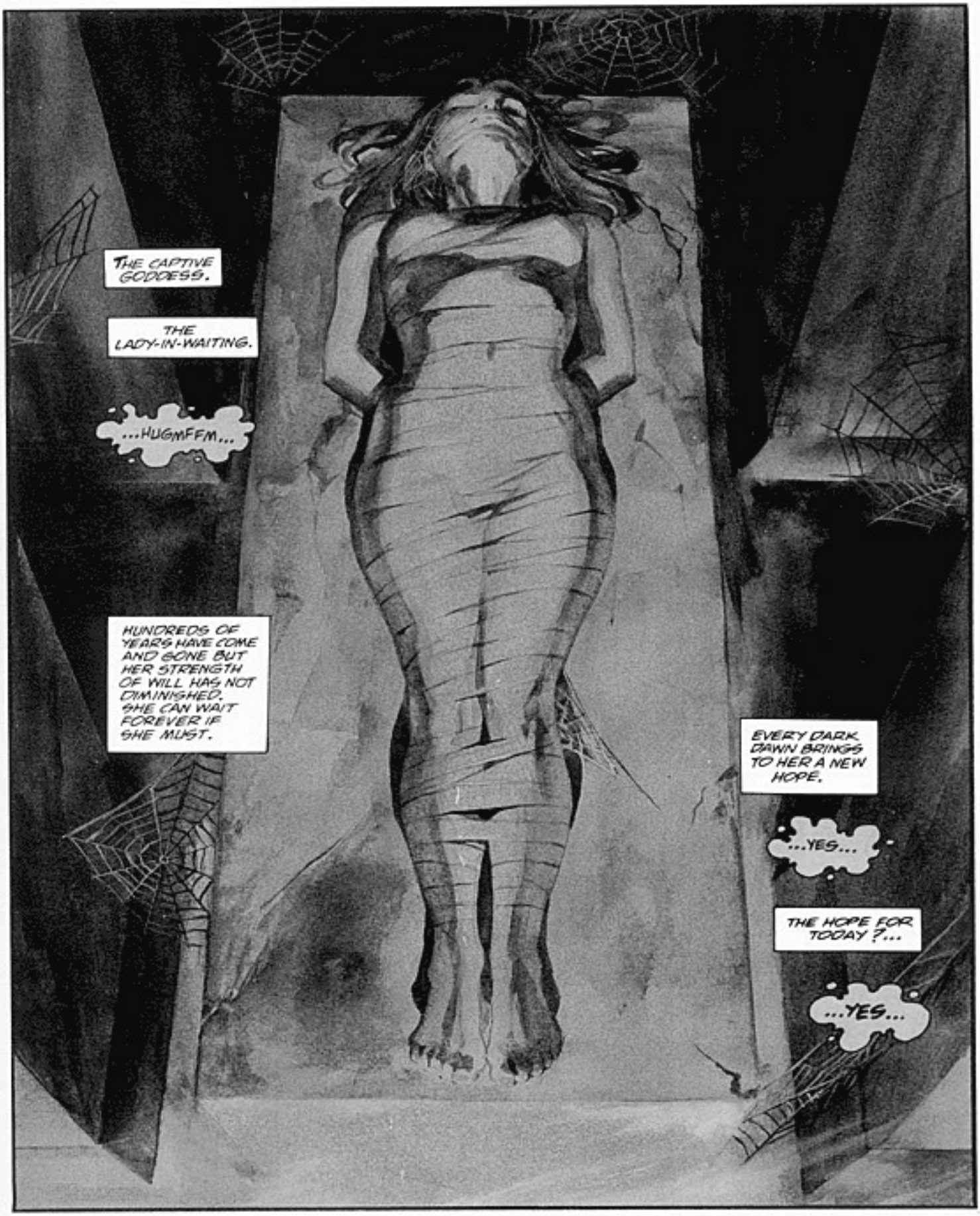
HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
I STILL HAVE THIS.

WHRR
KLAKLACHAK CHIK

IT'S MUCH HARDER NOW. IF YOU CAN SOLVE IT, I'LL KNOW YOU'RE READY.

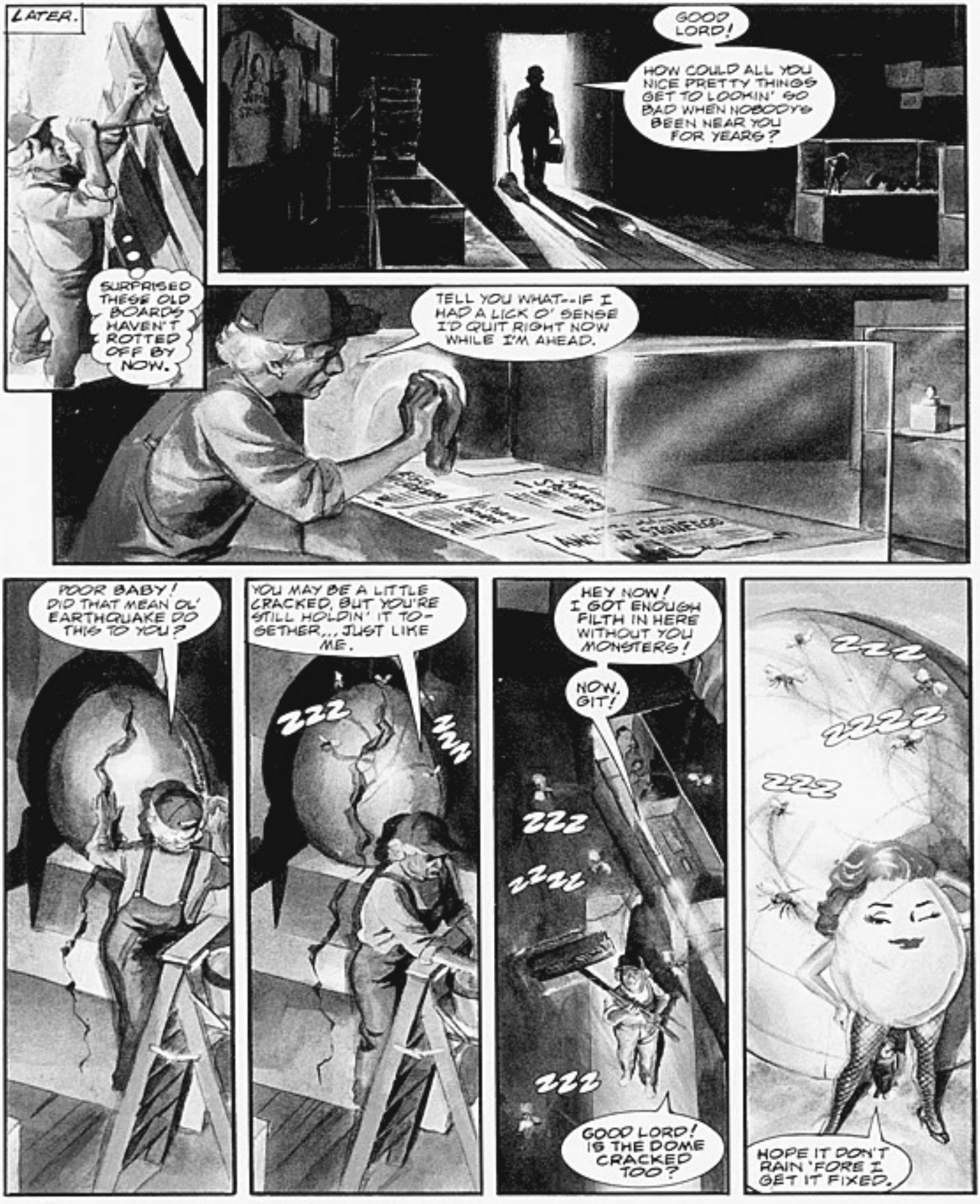
WON'T YOU GET INTO TROUBLE FOR THIS?
PROBABLY, BUT THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR PAIN. BESIDES, I'D BE LYING TO YOU IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WE EVER LET GO.
THE LEADER OF MY ORDER HAD A PARTICULAR FONDNESS FOR ONE WOMAN ABOUT YOUR AGE. SHE KEPT TURNING UP, AND HE LET HER GO EACH TIME.
I'LL TAKE THESE. THEY'RE MY FAVORITES.
YOU KNOW, FOR SOMEONE FROM HELL, YOU'RE A PRETTY NICE GUY, WHIRL-JACK. NOT EXACTLY WHAT I'D CALL EVIL.
SO, YOU'RE REALLY LETTING ME STAY.
THAT'S A JUDEO-CHRISTIAN BELIEF. IN REALITY, WE'RE NOT UNLIKE MOST PEOPLE.
DEMONS TO SOME, ANGELS TO OTHERS, TO COIN A PHRASE.
FOR NOW. THE REST IS UP TO YOU. THERE IS A LOT OF POTENTIAL IN YOU, DAPHNE. DEVELOP IT. GOODBYE, DAPHNE.
Pppp
THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO HARD.

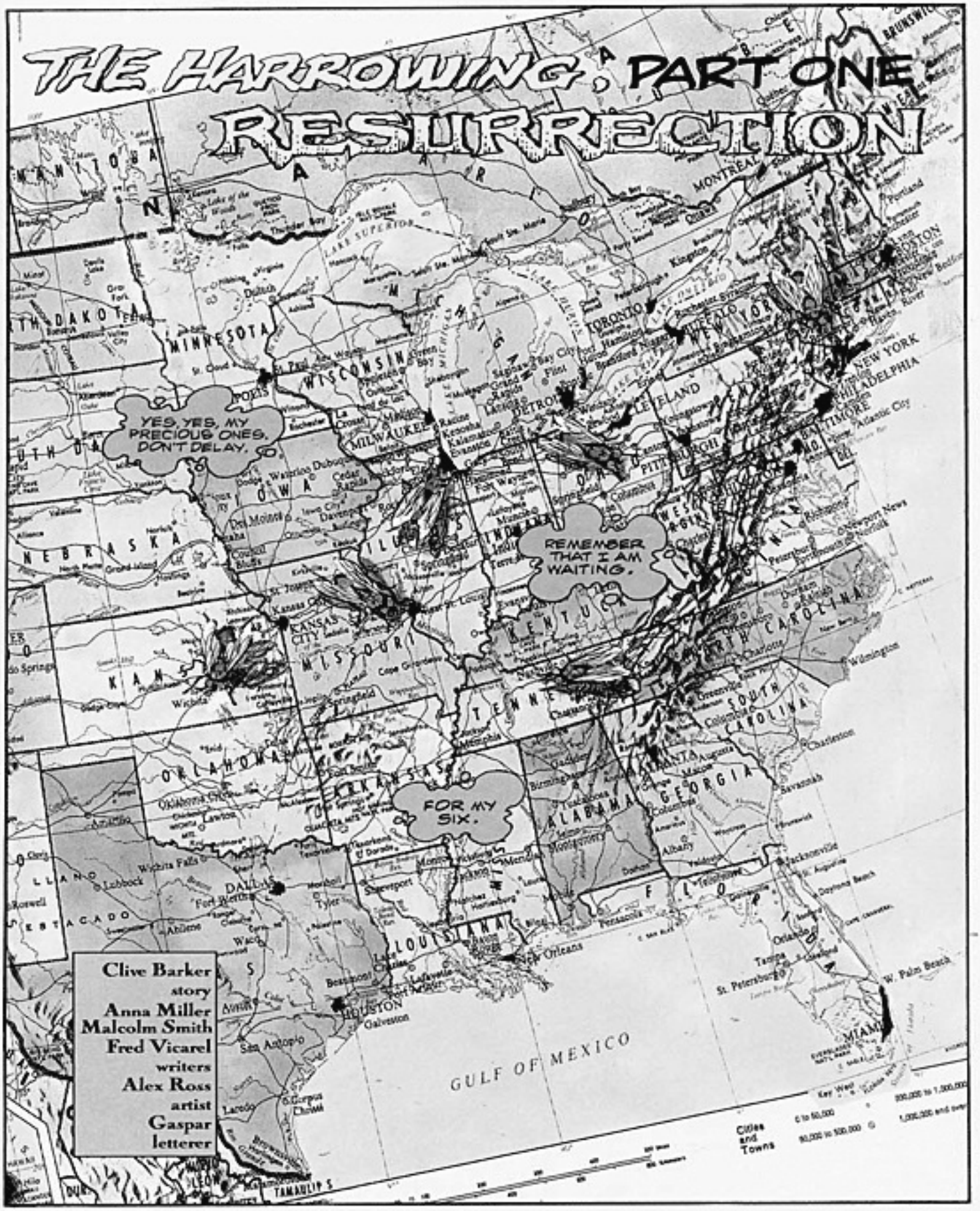
THE END


THE CAPTIVE GODDESS.
THE LADY-IN-WAITING.
...HUGMFFM...
HUNDREDS OF YEARS HAVE COME AND GONE BUT HER STRENGTH OF WILL HAS NOT DIMINISHED. SHE CAN WAIT FOREVER IF SHE MUST.
EVERY DARK DAWN BRINGS TO HER A NEW HOPE.
...YES...
THE HOPE FOR TODAY?...
...YES...

MAGGOTS.
YESSSSS!
MOLTING.
GORGE YOURSELVES, MY GENTLE PETS. SHED YOUR SKIN AND SPROUT YOUR CRIMSON WINGS...
...AND FLY!
RMBBBB KKRRRAAAK
AN EARTHQUAKE SHAKES THE CARNIVORES FROM THEIR FEAST.
THEY GO FORTH...
...DRIPPING WITH THE POWER OF HER FLESH.
TAKE MY LIGHT, MY LIFE, AND PUT AN END TO THE WAITING.
NOW, SIX FOR SIX.

MILES ABOVE...
...GSNGFMM...
HUH?!
GOD ALMIGHTY!
IS MY BED SHAKIN'...
...OR HAVE I LOST MY MIND COMPLETELY?
KKRRAPAAK
RRMMMMBBB
NOBODY IN THE TOWN OF JOPLIN, MISSOURI, HAS MUCH USE FOR BUNNY BENEDICT.
NO ONE COMES TO VISIT. THE FAMILY BUSINESS IS SHUT DOWN.
GUESS NO EARTHQUAKE'S GONNA STOP THE SUN FROM RISIN'.
SHE HAS NO REASON TO GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING.
UNTIL NOW.
TOMORROW IS MOTHER'S DAY.
Lega Benedicto Egg Museum
JOPLIN 10 MILES
LONG AS I'M UP WITH THE SUN, MIGHT AS WELL GIT SOME WORK DONE AROUND HERE.
MAYBE FIX THE PLACE UP A BIT.
I MIGHT BE HAVIN' SOME COMPANY OVER.


LATER.
SURPRISED THESE OLD BOARDS HAVEN'T ROTTED OFF BY NOW.
GOOD LORD!
HOW COULD ALL YOU NICE PRETTY THINGS GET TO LOOKIN' SO BAD WHEN NOBODY'S BEEN NEAR YOU FOR YEARS?
TELL YOU WHAT--IF I HAD A LICK O' SENSE I'D QUIT RIGHT NOW WHILE I'M AHEAD.
POOR BABY! DID THAT MEAN OL' EARTHQUAKE DO THIS TO YOU?
YOU MAY BE A LITTLE CRACKED, BUT YOU'RE STILL HOLDIN' IT TOGETHER... JUST LIKE ME.
ZZZ
NNN
HEY NOW! I GOT ENOUGH FILTH IN HERE WITHOUT YOU MONSTERS!
NOW, GIT!
ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ
GOOD LORD! IS THE DOME CRACKED TOO?
ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ
HOPE IT DON'T RAIN 'FORE I GET IT FIXED.


THE HARROWING, PART ONE:
RESURRECTION
YES, YES, MY PRECIOUS ONES, DON'T DELAY.
REMEMBER THAT I AM WAITING.
FOR MY SIX.
Clive Barker
story
Anna Miller
Malcolm Smith
Fred Vicarel
writers
Alex Ross
artist
Gaspar
letterer
GULF OF MEXICO

RABID RON'S TATTOO EMPORIUM
NEW YORK CITY. 12TH AND BLEECKER.
RON RINGWOOD'S SKILL BRINGS ALL KINDS TO HIS SHOP.
ALL KINDS.
I WANT THE DRAGON'S HEAD RIGHT BETWEEN MY SHOULDER BLADES.
ZZZ
AAAH!
ZZZ
OW!
YOU ALRIGHT, MAN? YOU WANNA TAKE A BREAK OR SOMETHIN'?
NO! NO, IT WAS NOTHIN'. JUST A LITTLE FLY BITE.
JOPLIN, MISSOURI
THAT'S IT? YA DONE? HOW'S IT LOOK?
PERFECT.
YOU ASSHOLE! AN EGG!?
COME BACK HERE! WHERE THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
VVUDOOOMMM
GUESS I'LL FIND OUT WHEN I GET THERE.
ONE.

DO YOU RENOUNCE SATAN?
YOU ARE ONE THICK-HEADED SON OF A BITCH, YOU KNOW THAT?
OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY. VERA WYSHAK DIES TONIGHT.
...AND ALL HIS WORKS?
I'M TELLIN' YOU, PADRE, SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING, SO--
BUT, VERA, WON'T YOU LET ME TRY...
ZZZ
...TO SAVE YOUR SOUL?
HECCCH! I'VE SWALLOWED SOMETHI-- I THINK-- I'M CHOKE--
EASY, OLD MAN. THE COFFEE HERE'S BAD, BUT--
HAAAGGHE!--I-I-JOP-- HAAAGCCK!--MIZZ--
HEY! FATHER, SPIT IT OUT NOW! WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN'--
MIZ-OUR-EEE-- MUST GET TO-- JOPPPLINNN...
JOPLIN JOPLIN MUSTGO.
MISSOURI? C'MON, WHAT IS IT YOU'RE--
GO--
FATHER?!

HELL.
WHERE ALL HEED THE CALL-TO-ARMS.
THE QUAKE THAT RATTLED THE EARTH HAG REVERBERATED THROUGH-OUT LEVIATHAN'S DOMINION...
NOS DUCERES NOS DUCER
NOS DUCERES NOS
NOS DUCERES NOS DUCER
NOS DUCERES NOS

...AND SOULS ARE STIRRING IN BOTH WORLDS.

GOIN' MY WAY FATHER--uh?--SISTER?
TWO.
VVUDUMM

THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO EKE OUT A LIVING IN ST. LOUIS...
...BUT NOT FOR WINSTON GABE...
TODAY HE SWEARS HE'LL QUIT. AN OATH HE MADE LAST WEEK. AND THE WEEK BEFORE...
ZZZ
WELL, HELLO THERE, LITTLE ONE. HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE ALIVE? BETTER GET LOST...
...BEFORE THEY SEE YOU.
ZZZ
HOLD ON THERE! DON'T EAT THAT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN.
TOO LATE. YOU ARE HUNGRY...
...NOW GO ON. RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.

WHEN YOU HAVE MONEY, THE WORLD IS AT YOUR FEET. PROVIDED YOU KNOW HOW TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP.
GRACELAND IS SUCH A BORE, LAVINIA, CAN'T WE VENTURE OFF THE BEATEN PATH AND--
LUCINDA! IF YOU'RE GOING TO COMPLAIN, WE MAY AS WELL TURN AROUND AND GO BACK TO ENGLAND!
WOULD YOU LISTEN TO YOURSELF? YOU'VE BECOME AN OLD HAG--
SHUT UP, SISSY! I AM NOT OLD, I'M JUST 30 SECONDS OLDER THAN YOU ARE. NOW, IF YOU WANT TO BE SPONTANEOUS, FINE...

...LET'S SIMPLY CLOSE OUR EYES, POINT TO A SPOT ON THE MAP, AND THAT'S WHERE--
EEEEK!
ZOOM

IT'S JUST A FLY, SILLY!
I DON'T WANT IT ON MY LUNCH!
I'LL GET IT. MOVE.

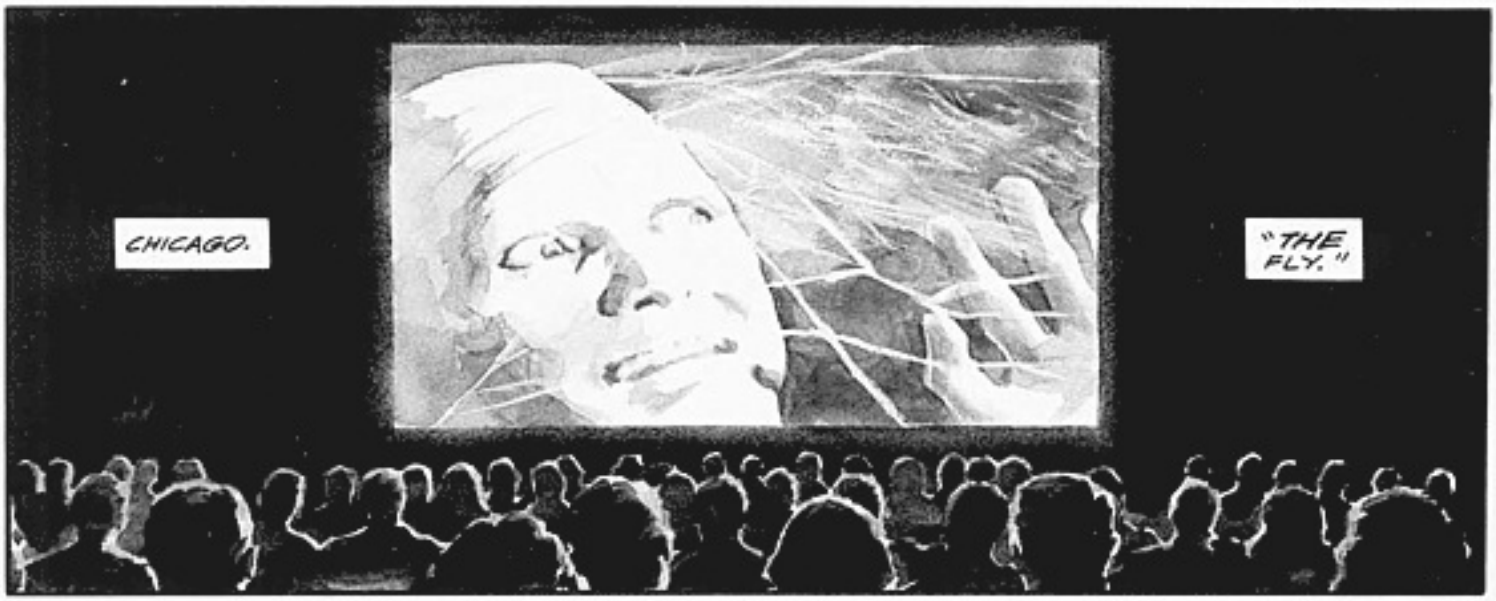
BULLSEYE!
WAP!

YOU'VE SQUASHED IT RIGHT ON OUR MAP! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BUY ANOTHER ONE--
WAIT! WHERE DID IT LAND?

THREE.

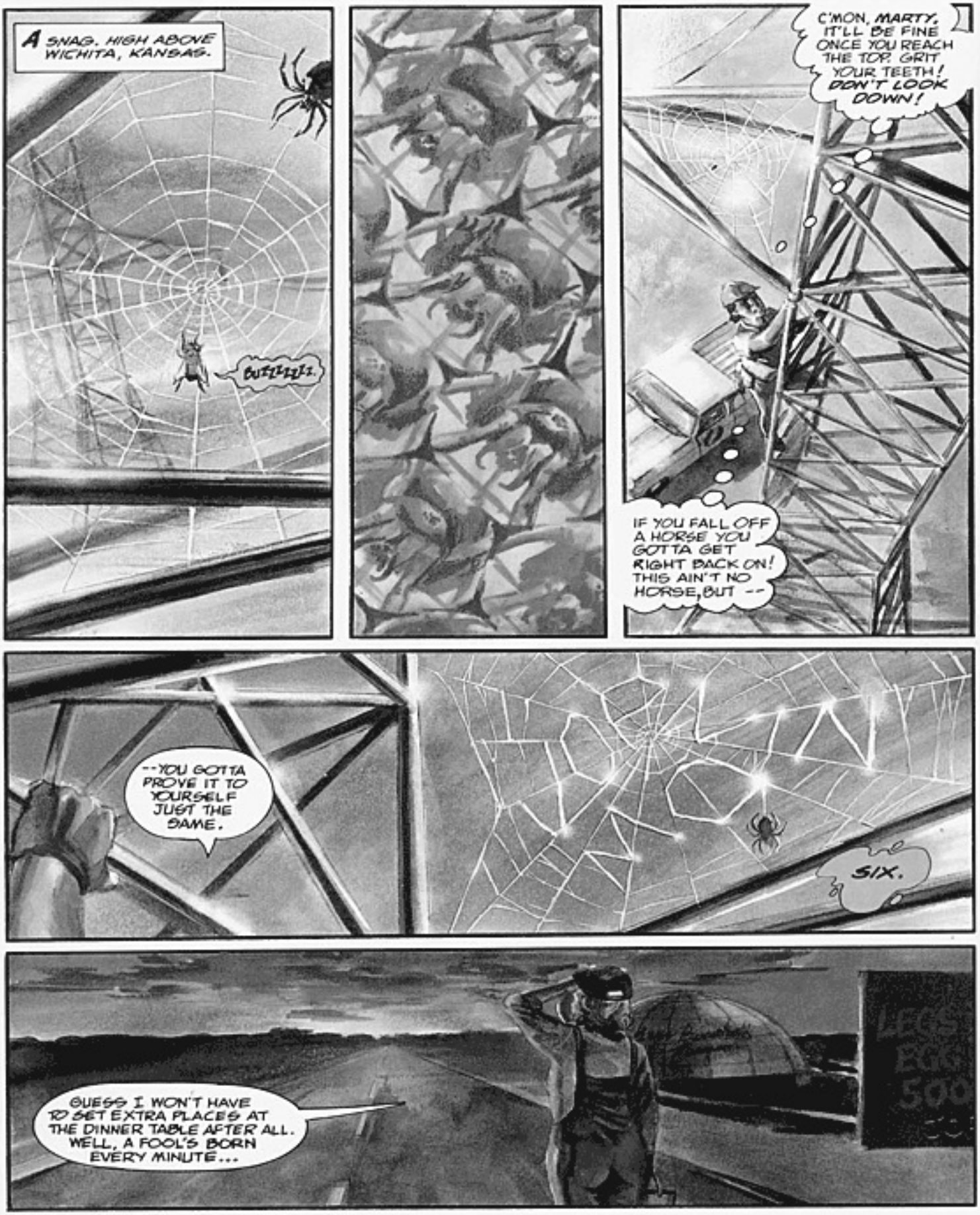
WHILE, IN ST. LOUIS...
YOU AGAIN? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO BEAT IT!
MMMYOW!
C'MERE, YOU CUTE LITTLE RUNT-- OUCH!
NO REASON TO SCRATCH-- I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP.
MYOO.
AAAAWW! YOU SURE ARE A TINY LITTLE THING, AREN'T YOU?
I'M NOT KEEPING YOU, SO DON'T GET ANY BRIGHT IDEAS.
HEY, WHATCHA GOT?
WELL, "ZINC." HOW DID YOU GET ALL THE WAY FROM JOPLIN TO ST. LOUIS?
MY NAME IS ZINC
SOMETHING TELLS ME I OUGHTA... GOTTA TAKE YOU HOME.
SOMEBODY'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR YOU.
FOUR.

HELL.
HE IS SILENT FOR THE MOMENT. BUT HE WILL SPEAK WHEN THE BLOODTHIRSTY AUDIENCE IS IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND.
HE WILL NOT HAVE TO WAIT LONG.
NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES
NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES

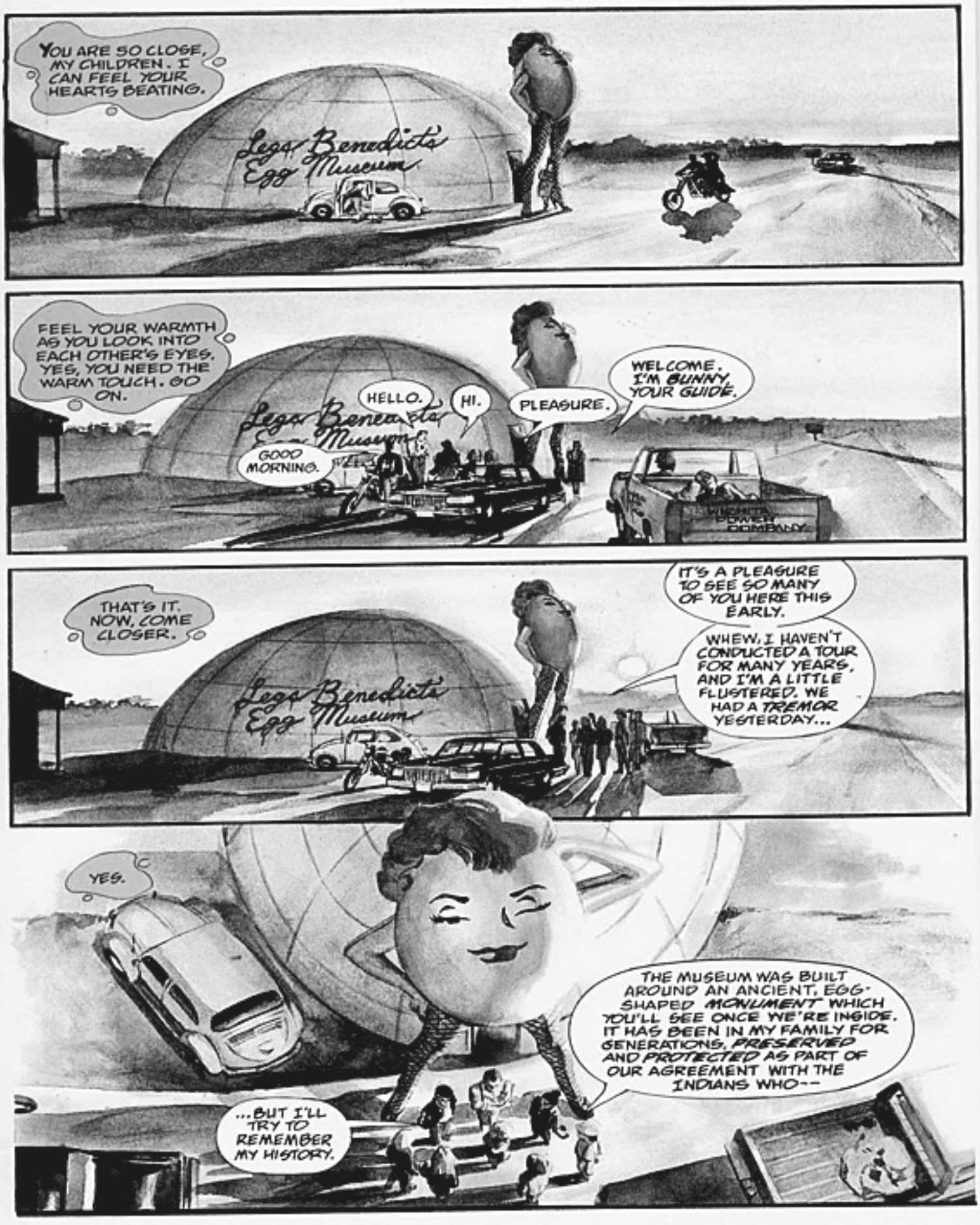

CHICAGO.
"THE FLY."

A FLY.
HELP ME, HELP ME!
BOOOOO!!
PROJECTION!
HISSSSSS!
FIX IT, MORON!

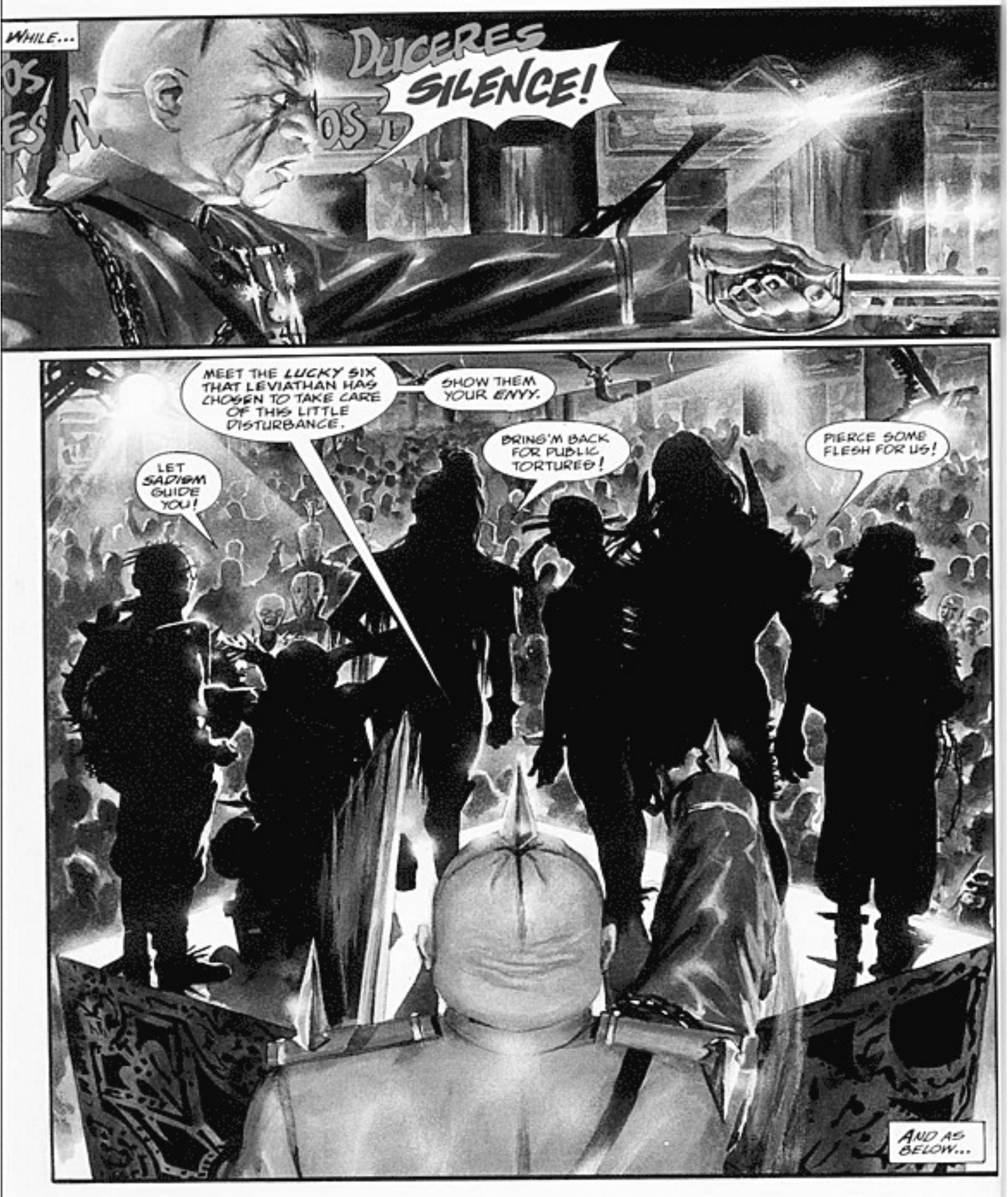
RUNNING A PROJECTOR IS A MINDLESS TASK FOR A BRILLIANT MAN...
PROJECTION!
BOOOOO!!
FIX IT, MORON!!
...SO, EX-PROFESSOR DUBLIN MORSE RELIEVES THE TEDIUM WITH A DOSE OF L.S.D.
IT'S SO HUGE, IT'S--
HUH? OH.
HELP ME!
HISSSSS.
BUG ON THE LENS!
FOCUS!
HELP ME, DUBLIN. HELP ME!
IT'S OKAY-- HERE-- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW-- HOPE YOU DIDN'T GET FRIED IN THERE--
THANKS, DUBLIN. IT WAS GETTING PRETTY HOT.
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, NOW I'D LIKE TO SAVE YOURS. DO YOURSELF A FAVOR. GO TO JOPLIN, MISSOURI. HAVE AN EGG.
FIVE.
LEGS BENEDICT'S EGG MUSEUM 500 YARDS
JOPLIN, MO.
NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WORK, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!


A SNAG. HIGH ABOVE WICHITA, KANSAS.
BUZZZZZZ.
C'MON, MARTY. IT'LL BE FINE ONCE YOU REACH THE TOP. GRIT YOUR TEETH! DON'T LOOK DOWN!
IF YOU FALL OFF A HORSE YOU GOTTA GET RIGHT BACK ON! THIS AIN'T NO HORSE, BUT --
--YOU GOTTA PROVE IT TO YOURSELF JUST THE SAME.
SIX.
GUESS I WON'T HAVE TO SET EXTRA PLACES AT THE DINNER TABLE AFTER ALL. WELL, A FOOL'S BORN EVERY MINUTE...

HELL.
WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A LITTLE PROBLEM, COMRADES. NOW, WHO WANTS TO HAVE SOME FUN?
ERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS D
NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS


YOU ARE SO CLOSE, MY CHILDREN. I CAN FEEL YOUR HEARTS BEATING.
Eggs Benedicts Egg Museum
FEEL YOUR WARMTH AS YOU LOOK INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES. YES, YOU NEED THE WARM TOUCH. GO ON.
HELLO.
HI.
GOOD MORNING.
PLEASURE.
WELCOME. I'M BUNNY, YOUR GUIDE.
WICHITA POWER COMPANY
THAT'S IT. NOW, COME CLOSER.
IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU HERE THIS EARLY.
WHEW, I HAVEN'T CONDUCTED A TOUR FOR MANY YEARS, AND I'M A LITTLE FLUSTERED. WE HAD A TREMOR YESTERDAY...
YES.
THE MUSEUM WAS BUILT AROUND AN ANCIENT, EGG-SHAPED MONUMENT WHICH YOU'LL SEE ONCE WE'RE INSIDE. IT HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS, PRESERVED AND PROTECTED AS PART OF OUR AGREEMENT WITH THE INDIANS WHO--
...BUT I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER MY HISTORY.

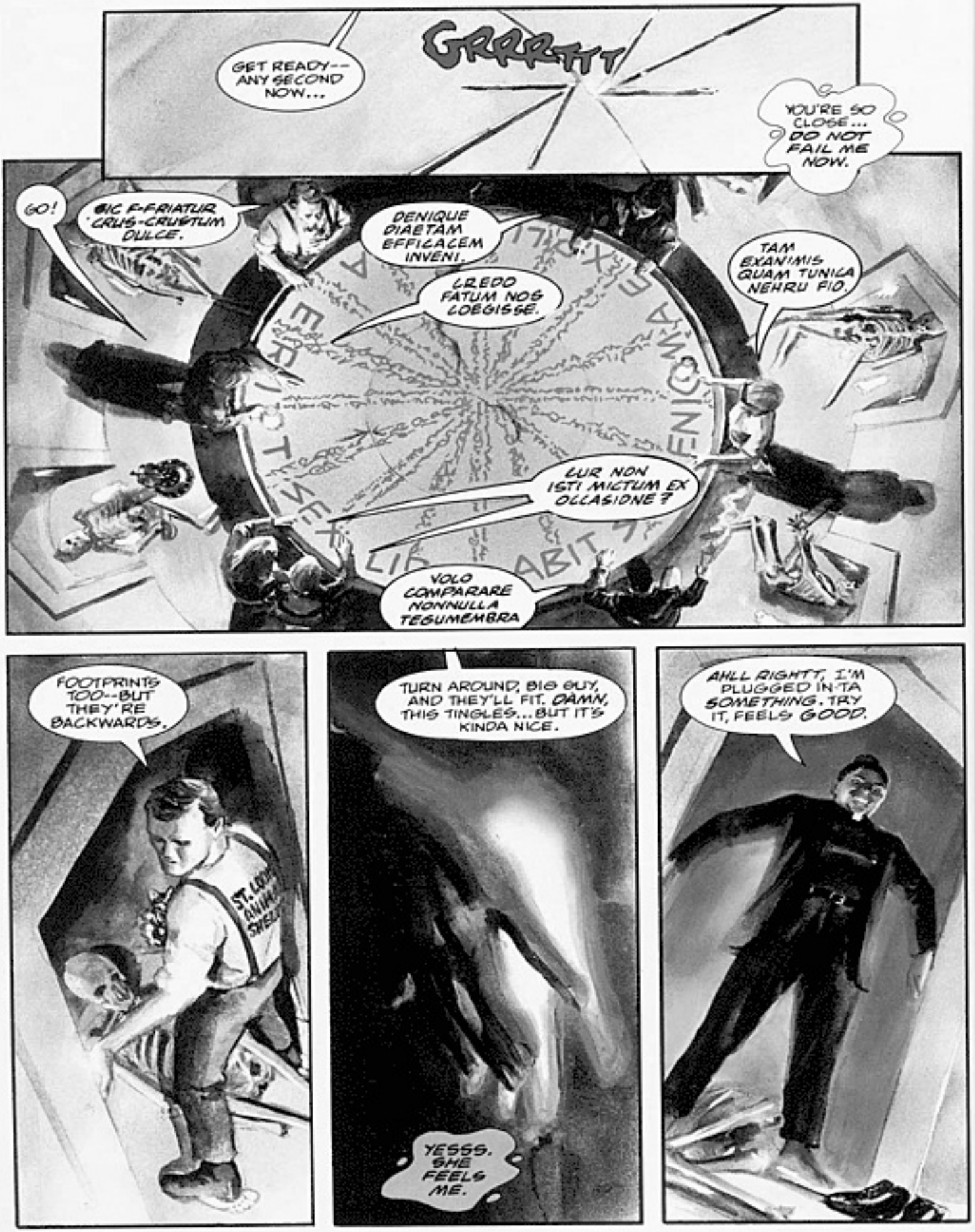
TIME PASSES AND INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE.
LAVINIA, LET'S LEAVE! WHAT ARE WE DOING IN THIS RAT-HOLE?
WATCH YOUR STEP AS YOU ENTER--
EARTHQUAKE!
BBBRUUUNNNGAAA
KKRRRRAAAAH
THE MONUMENT! IT'S SPLITTING-- NOOOOO!
THE OLD LADY! IS SHE--
NO WONDER IT WAS PROTECTED--
SHIT! LOOKEE HERE!
C'MON, LADY, TALK TO ME!
HEY, MAN! YOUR CAT--
ZINC! COME BACK HERE!
SHE'S GONE DOWN!
ZINC! I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER--
ARE YOU CRAZY? DON'T GO DOWN THERE?
I'M GOING, TOO-- HERE'S A LANTERN, IF YOU WANT TO...
IT'S ALL-RIGHT! I WON'T LEAVE YOU.
NO! GO ON WITHOUT ME. GIT!
DON'T LEAVE US HERE ALONE!
HOLD ON-- I'LL MAKE A TORCH--
YEAH. LET'S GO.


WHILE...
DUCERES SILENCE!
MEET THE LUCKY SIX THAT LEVIATHAN HAS CHOSEN TO TAKE CARE OF THIS LITTLE DISTURBANCE.
SHOW THEM YOUR ENVY.
LET SADISM GUIDE YOU!
BRING'M BACK FOR PUBLIC TORTURE!
PIERCE SOME FLESH FOR US!
AND AS BELOW...

...SO ABOVE.
I TELL YOU, NOBODY'S BEEN DOWN HERE IN A LONG--AS IN CENTURIES--TIME.
SISSY--I'M NOT SURE WE SHOULD BE GOING INTO A DARK CAVE WITH ALL THESE MEN!
QUIET, LAVINIA. COULD YOU HOLD THE LANTERN A BIT HIGHER?
LOOKS LIKE A LONG WAY DOWN.
NOT MUCH TRAFFIC THROUGH HERE LATELY.
THIS CRACK LOOKS NEW.
THAT LADY, BUNNY, SAID THERE'D BEEN THAT OTHER TREMOR, YESTERDAY!
I SUSPECT THE REASON WE'RE ALL HERE IS BEHIND THAT ROCK.
SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
--UNNNGH-- THIS IS SOLID GRANITE, WE SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MOVE THIS!
I TOLD YOU I WAS STRONGER THAN I LOOKED.
-OOUUFFF-- FEELS LIKE SOMETHING'S HELPING.
PHEEEWWW. WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

HOLY SHHH-- ANYBODY THAT GETS SQUEAMISH BEST STAY OUTTA HERE!
CHILDREN-- YOU'RE SO NEAR!
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE LIGHT ON THIS?
--MAN O MAN! LOOKS LIKE THESE FOLKS WERE BURIED ALIVE! WEIRD!
HOW BIZARRE! "Sex Liberabit, Si Aenigma Explicata Erit", "SIX SHALL RELEASE IF THE PUZZLE IS SOLVED." DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THIS GROUP WAS TOO SUCCESSFUL.
THIS GIVES ME THE CREEPS! SOMETHING EVIL HAPPENED HERE-- I CAN FEEL IT.
MY GOD! MUST REMAIN CALM FOR SISSY OR SHE'LL SCREAM!
I'M GOING TO SCREAM! NO I WON'T, IT MIGHT CAUSE A CAVE-IN!
NOW I RECOGNIZE THE SMELL, IT'S DEATH.
Hmmm, SOMEONE'S TRANSLATED THE LATIN INTO RHYMING COUPLETS OF SANSKRIT. I'LL BET THAT SHOWED THEM HOW TO ALIGN THE PHRASES TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE!
IT LOOKS LIKE THESE ARROWS WERE CARVED TO LINE UP WITH EACH OTHER.
YOU'RE RIGHT!
THEY DID SOLVE IT! SO WHAT WENT WRONG? WHAT WENT WRONG?

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS WAS USED FOR?
IT LOOKS LIKE A LANTERN OF SORTS. BUT NOT THE OIL TYPE--THERE'S NO PLACE FOR A WICK!
THIS POOR SUCKER HAS HAD HIS HANDS CUT OFF.
AND THERE ARE HUMAN BONES IN HERE.
THIS IS WHERE THE ODOR IS COMING FROM! O GOD, THEY USED BODY PARTS AS FUEL!
THAT SHOWS HOW DESPERATE THEY WERE TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE!
NOW IF WE WORK TOGETHER MAYBE WE CAN SUCCEED WHERE THEY FAILED!
WHAT MAKES YOU THE EXPERT? MAYBE THEY DID SOLVE THE PUZZLE AND WHATEVER THEY RELEASED SEVERED THEIR HANDS AND FEET!
I... I--CAN'T READ THAT.
IF YOU DON'T BE QUIET, I'LL SEVER YOUR FRIGGIN' HEAD!
OKAY, DUBLIN, TELL US, WHAT TO DO.
WHEN THE TWO ARROWS TOUCH, YOU EACH MUST SPEAK THE LATIN PHRASE THAT'S DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU.
JUST SOUND IT OUT AS BEST AS YOU CAN.


GET READY-- ANY SECOND NOW...
GRRRTTT
YOU'RE SO CLOSE... DO NOT FAIL ME NOW.
GO!
HIC F-FRIATUR CRUS-CRUSTUM DULCE.
DENIQUE DIAETAM EFFICACEM INVENI.
CREDO FATUM NOS COEGISSE.
TAM EXANIMIS QUAM TUNICA NEHRU FIO.
CUR NON ISTI MICTUM EX OCCASIONE?
VOLO COMPARARE NONNULLA TEGUMEMBRA
FOOTPRINTS TOO--BUT THEY'RE BACKWARDS.
TURN AROUND, BIG GUY, AND THEY'LL FIT. DAMN, THIS TINGLES... BUT IT'S KINDA NICE.
YESSS. SHE FEELS ME.
AHLL RIGHTT, I'M PLUGGED IN-TA SOMETHING. TRY IT, FEELS GOOD.

STAY CLOSE, ZING, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOIN'.
WHY DO YOU GET TO STAND ON MY FEET?
BECAUSE I'M OLDER.
THIS HAND-PRINT JUST GOT SMALLER TO FIT MY HAND!
MINE GOT BIGGER!
LISTEN TO ME. WHO'S TO SAY THAT WE'RE NOT FALLING INTO THE SAME TRAP THAT KILLED THESE GUYS?! I SAY WE GET OUTTA HERE, NOW!
HEY YOU THINK IT'S A COINCIDENCE THAT WE ALL JUST TURNED UP HERE?
WE'VE BEEN CHOSEN FOR SOME-THING!
HERE GOES NOTHING! MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID THAT PEER PRESSURE WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME!
AHHHH... I RECOGNIZE THIS TOUCH.
THE WHOLE ROOM IS TURNING!
WE'RE SPINNING LIKE A TOP!
I THINK I'M GOING TO VOMIT!
DON'T! IT WILL SPRAY BACK IN OUR FACES!
VRROOSH
FREEDOM AT LAST!

THEY STAND IN AWE-- EACH SEEING A DIFFERENT ASPECT OF THE GODDESS.
TO ALL OF YOU--WHO ANSWERED MY SUMMONS AND BROKE MY BONDS--
I WELCOME YOU TO A TIME OF AWAKENINGS.
LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY FOR WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
I AM CALLED MORTE MAMME-- AND YOU, YOU ARE MY CHILDREN!
OPEN YOUR HEARTS AND STEEP IN MY POWER.
FEEL MY PRESENCE AND KNOW ME.

I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
FROM YOU, I CAN SENSE HOW DISRUPTED THE WORLD HAS BECOME.
ALL OF YOU ARE SO DISILLUSIONED WITH YOUR LIVES...
YOU'VE BEEN STRUGGLING, MY CHILDREN!...
...WITHOUT REAL PURPOSE OR GUIDANCE.
ALL OF THAT IS ABOUT TO CHANGE.
HOLY SHIT! I CAN HEAR HER VOICE... BUT HER LIPS AREN'T MOVING!
LAVINIA, SHE LOOKS LIKE OUR GRAND-MOTHER.
THEIR GRANDMOTHER? SHE SURE DOES TAKE GOOD CARE OF HERSELF.
THERE IS MUCH TO TELL YOU, BUT WHEN YOU SOLVED THE PUZZLE AND RELEASED ME, YOU ALSO SUMMONED SIX OF MY ENEMIES, THE CENOBITES--
--EVIL CREATURES FROM HELL THAT SERVE THE LORD OF DARKNESS AND ORDER, LEVIATHAN.
I'M AFRAID THEY'RE WAITING UP ABOVE.
BE WARY. MY DARK BROTHER LEVIATHAN'S SCHEMINGS CAN BE FATAL. HE USED THAT LANTERN YOU FOUND TO TRICK MY FORMER HARROWERS INTO THEIR OWN DESTRUC-TION.

BUT ALL THAT IS BEHIND US NOW.
ARM YOURSELVES.
TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS AND THESE TOOLS WILL BE SELF-INSTRUCTIVE...
WEAPONS CHARGED WITH MY LIFE-FORCE.
MEE-ROWWW
WOWSAH! YOU FELT THAT TOO, HUH ZINC!?
THESE THINGS SEEM LIKE THEY'RE ALIVE!
IF YOU DON'T KNOW, THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE THE LARGEST WEAPON.
I'M A PACIFIST. WHY AM I HERE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS--
KNOW THIS MY CHILDREN, CENOBITES CANNOT BE KILLED, AND THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY THEM IS THROUGH DISMEMBERMENT.
WHAT DOES DISMEMBERMENT MEAN?

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS? LASSO THE CENOBITES?
WE'LL BE DOING NOTHING OF THE SORT. WE'RE ON HOLIDAY.
WOULD ONE OF YOU LIKE OUR ROPE?
I'M FEELING DIZZY. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
AM I THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS WHAT CENOBITES ARE?
WE'RE ABOUT TO GO UP AGAINST DEMONS FROM HELL!
YOUR HOLIDAY IS OVER, DOUBLE-MINT TWINS -- WAKE UP!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME! I'M... I'M SEEING THINGS!
"I'M IN THE MUSEUM, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT... ALL BLUE, WITH A DOOR...
"BUNNY'S THERE, HANGING BY HOOKS!
"AND AN UGLY THING IS... REACHING FOR ME.
"NO!"

AAAHHH-- THE INNOCENCE OF A LITTLE KITTEN IS SO RICH!
MERKOVA, DON'T BOTHER WITH THEIR PET. I CAN FEEL THEM, THEY'RE CLOSE.
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY DEMAND SIX OF US AT ONCE? I AM SO LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS!

IT'S ZINC! I'M SEEING THROUGH HER EYES! I'M FEELING WHAT SHE FEELS!
LET IT HAPPEN-- TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS...
I'VE GIVEN EACH OF YOU GIFTS-- USE THEM!
GABE! HE'S FADING-- DISAPPEARING!
JUST ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE A LOVELY BRACELET FROM YOUR INTESTINES...
HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?! AND WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
BETTER MAKE IT AN ANKLE BRACELET!
KEEEAAGGH!
MERKOVA!
THUNWWKK
CHOK
THRUMMMP
SKRITCHH
SKKRITTCHH

LET THEM GO, TURPIG. THEY KNOW THEIR WAY HOME.
SKRITCH
HANG IN THERE, WE'RE ON OUR WAY.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.
HURRY!
SHINK
CHANG
CHING
WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY TAKE MY WEAPON?
NEVER MIND!
SSSSZZZ
YOU FOOLS! I'VE LOST MY ARMS AND THE FIGHT HAS BARELY BEGUN!
WE'LL GET THEM BACK, MERKONA. OR SOMEONE ELSE'S.
: SOB : DEAR GOD, DELIVER ME FROM THIS PAIN.

KEEAAAAGH!
AN ARM FOR AN ARM, I SAY.
SHALL WE JUST MAKE A WISH AND PULL?
TRUST AND YOU'LL DISCOVER...
WHERE DID HE GO? FIND HIM!
AHHHHH!
SLICHH
LIKE CUTTING THROUGH BUTTER. THIS KNIFE IS SO SHARP!

MY TURN!
OH BABY--YESSSSS! COME ON--ONE FOR THE CROTCH!
CHING
SSHK
SSHK
ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE. SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MANHOOD!
VZZZZZZ
THIS IS NO TIME FOR A WIENER ROAST.
SOMEBODY CATCH MY BOOMERANG, I'M GOING IN.

GODDESS LADY, I NEED YOU NOW!
I'VE SHARPENED YOUR BLOOD, VERA, USE IT WELL.
EEAHHHHHH! WHAT IS THIS POISON?
RELEASE HER CHAINS! HER BLOOD BURNS!
CHING
SCHING
WELL NOW, I WONDER WHAT ELSE OF MINE YOU CAN'T STOMACH...
PTOO.
SSZZZSSS
AAAHHHEE!
DUBLIN, GIVE HER A HAND. I'M GOING AFTER RON!
...LORDY! I'M GONNA HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WHO I SPIT ON!
HERE VERA, IT'S SAFER NEAR THE STAIRS!

MARTY! I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T A FIGHTER!
I'M NOT--BUT IN CERTAIN SITUATIONS--
--I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO MAKE EXCEPTIONS.
I'VE HEARD OF FAST HEALERS BUT...
SINCE WHEN COULD I DO THIS?!
TEST YOUR NEW ABILITY, RON RINGWOOD, AND BE FEARLESS IN THE KNOWLEDGE.
NOT BAD. THE ONLY THING IS, I'M GONNA MISS HAVING SCABS TO PICK AT.
PFFFT
THEY'RE DOING FINE WITHOUT US, SEE? NOW AS SOON AS IT'S CLEAR, WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

HOWWW ABOUT IF THE THHHHREE OF US TAKE THEM ON?
OH MY GOD! WHAT IS IT?
WHERE'D IT COME FROM?
NAMMME'S OVID. MORTÉ MMMAMME CREATED ME TO WATCHHH OUT FOR YOU TWO.
PFFFTTT
OOPS. SHE'SSS MADE ME... MMMIASMIC. IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S SO DISSSORDERLY AND HUMAN THAT ECCENOBITES FIND IT DISSSORIENTING!
YOU ARE NOT AS FRAIL AS YOU THINK, MY TWINS. LOOK WITHIN YOUR MIRRORED IMAGE AND ACCEPT MY GIFT OF ADDITIONAL REFLECTIONS.
THEY'VE MULTIPLIED! WHICH ARE THE REAL ONES?
EWWUFFF! WHAT STINKS!?
WHATTT A GASSS!
I CAN'T SEE!
...SO DIZZY. WHAT'S...
PFFFT

MARTY SEVENBIRDS, DESCENDANT OF LITTLE MOON, I BRING LIGHTNING TO YOUR HANDS.
USE YOUR NEW POWER!
KIKKKKZZKKK
LOOK! THEY CAN'T MOVE!
KLLKKKK
COME ON EVERYBODY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO LAST.
I'LL GET THE HEADS!
I'M A LEG MAN MYSELF.
ANYBODY GOT CHEWING GUM? I'M RUNNING OUT OF SPIT!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THE PARTY WITHOUT YOUR OTHER HALF.
CHOK

THEY'RE LIKE WORMS! YOU CAN CHOP 'EM UP REAL SMALL AND THEY STILL KEEP WIGGLING!
WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO ANYWAY?
BUNNY!
LET GO OF HER!
NO YOU DON'T, YOU OLD MARE HAG.
DON'T THINK YOUR WORLD'S SAFE FROM US!
YA CAN'T HIDE FROM MORTÉ MAMMÉ!
MORTÉ MAMMÉ
HOW CAN THIS HAVE HAPPENED TO MY FIGHTERS!?
THE FOOLS! DON'T THEY REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO DECLARE WAR ON HELL?!
I DOUBT THEIR SOULS ARE PREPARED FOR THE CONSEQUENCES.

SIS, YOU AMAZED ME!
MMMM. CAME QUITE NATURALLY TO US, DIDN'T IT?
VERA, YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'LL LIVE. BUT I DIDN'T GET THEM HEALING POWERS THAT RON DID.
LOOKS LIKE MORTÉ MAMME GAVE EACH OF US A DIFFERENT WAY OF FIGHTING HER ENEMIES.
ZINC'S ACTING LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!
ANY OTHER TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE?
IT LOOKED LIKE YOU'VE BEEN IN FIGHTS BEFORE. YOU WERE FEARLESS.
WRONG. I WAS SCARED SHITLESS. BUT AT LEAST WE ALL CAME OUT ALIVE.
I DO FEEL RATHER LIKE WE'VE BONDED IN SOME PRIMITIVE FASHION.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTING, BUT WHAT WE DID SEEMS RIGHT SOMEHOW.
YEAH, LIKE WE WERE BORN TO DO IT.
WE SHOULD GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL.
SO THEY CAN TAPE ME UP AND SHIP ME BACK TO PRISON? NO WAY!
AND LEAVE MY NEW FAMILY?
NOT NECESSARILY.
THE HORSE-BITCH TOOK BUNNY BACK TO HELL WITH HER. AND I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF YOU...
"...BUT I'M GOING AFTER THEM."

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

AFTERWORD

This first of the tales of the Harrowers was written by three-fourths of a team collectively known as Zink Ink. They are Anna Miller, Malcolm Smith and Fred Vicarel. I have been working with them — and with their fourth member McNally Sagal — for a year, developing and honing these new adventures. The result will be a book devoted entirely to the Harrowers, which will be published in the early part of next year. I don't believe it could be in more perversely inventive hands.

There will be those amongst you, no doubt, crying shame! shame!; folks who would prefer to see Hell's hordes go on with their temptations and damnations unopposed. To you, I say: watch carefully. This is not a battle Leviathan or it's generals will meet with a simple shrug. You will see a new fire in Hell's belly in the next few months; new venom in its machinations; new cruelty in its devices. You'll see new Cenobites too, raised from filth and blood and rage to snuff out this little hope before it reaches the ears of the damned.

Will the Harrowers flourish or perish? Only the coming tales will tell. But from now on, you may be certain that the Devil's tune will not be the only one echoing through Hell. Heroes and heroines are coming, their hearts beating to a drum as ancient as Leviathan.

And as powerful.

Clive Barker

Los Angeles, July 1992

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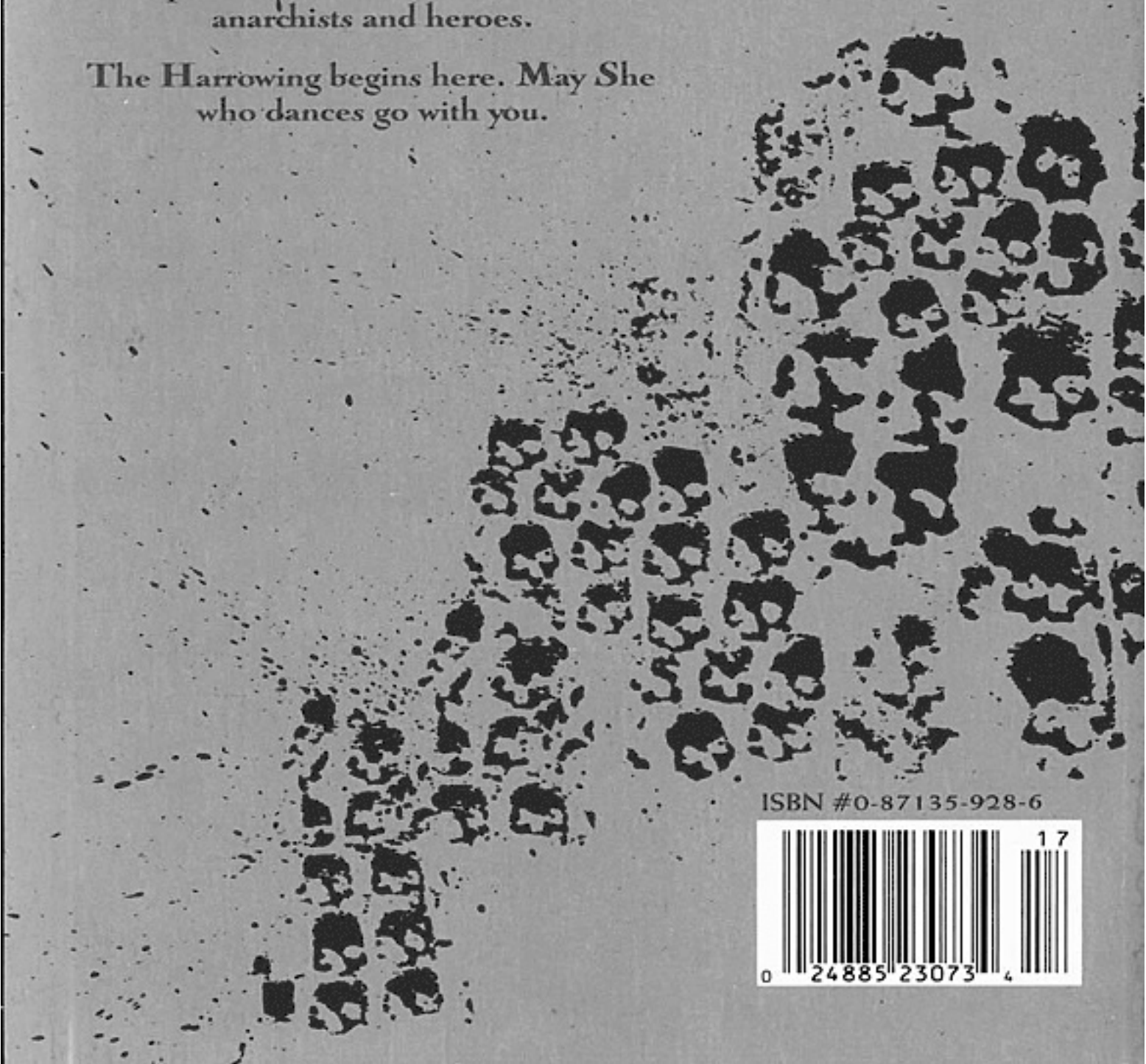
The age of Leviathan's absolute rule is at an end.

Prepare for the coming of the goddess, Morte Mamme, imprisoned for centuries, now freed as mankind's final salvation against the hordes of hell. She will lead the seven, as the prophecies have foretold, as her Harrowers — into the depths of hell;as warriors, rebels, anarchists and heroes.

The Harrowing begins here. May She who dances go with you.



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